

## STYLES OF THE DAY

My Lady's Bonnet Viewed From Various Standpoints.

## POINTS ON NEW TRIMMINGS

The Hat for Street Wear, the Swell Calling Bonnet and the Tiny Theatre Capote.

The bonnet of the coming season is something of a disappointment. We had high hopes at first of its originality, for the early shapes were positively new, with their pretty satin and beaver crowns. But the hat has failed to fulfill its promise and at first glance we see but little to interest. The shape seems to be about the same, the trimmings look little different from those we wore last winter, and even the style of arrangement appears similar to summer fashions. It is very disappointing.

And yet, the situation isn't so bad as it would seem at first glance; for by diligent search we are able to discover some pretty fancies in the winter hats. The trouble is that ingenuity in this direction is drawing near the end of its resources. There is less of a field for startling innovations in the style of a hat, than there is the more ample gown. Then again, womanhood has been positively spoiled. She has grown so accustomed to these dainty, brilliant bits of headgear that all the richness of eastern coloring all the delicacy of the perfect French bonnet scarcely provoke within her one sign of admiration. But there is another reason.

Methinks the heads that have been so busy combining colors and materials are sated with the wealth of color and extravagance of shape, and would fain introduce quieter and simpler creations. Truly, various and conflicting influences must be at work, or we cannot account for the numberless shapes and methods of arrangement. It is next to impossible to lay down the law in this regard. Everything is fashionable; and the winter girl may order, at her own sweet will, a hat of almost any shade or shape, of beaver, of felt or satin, of jet or gold, of velvet or lace. To be sure, she will need to dis-

pose of Geronimo, who had just passed, leaving desolation in his track.

A small black beaver has a great deal of jet for trimming, as well as two black tips that stand up in front. From the back, beneath the rim, comes a soft roll of pale moss green velvet, which is suddenly brought up over the brim, and ends at each side with a little velvet puff.

Another little hat has a brown felt crown, rimmed with rich green velvet. A big green velvet sheath bands it around like a sentinel; and over the brown crown some tiny tucks are arranged.

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Following the black and white generalities comes a passion for the all black hat. It is so lightened by jet that there is nothing somber about it, especially if the crown be a shining beaver or satin. The all black is usually a larger hat than the one of colors. It seems to require more space in which to spread its greater dignity and presence.

A little toque in purple velvet, three-cornered, has the pendants of jet already mentioned, hanging at each side, and a gold ornament in front. A soft green felt, bent into a graceful roll of large size, has a facing of tightly drawn black velvet. Over the green rests a delicate gold lace, brought up higher in the front, and from between the folds of which rise rich black plumes. It is just the thing for a pure blonde.

For the evening bonnet, and for the dainty one to be worn with elaborate calling costumes, there are the pretty things in silver or gold burlap, silver or gold lace, bits of velvet, a velvet or flower or two, and any other ornament very light and graceful. The evening bonnet is very minute. A pretty thing in black and white is no more than a choker or two of white satin, in front to which are added a few tassels. The crown is a tiny rim of jet. Here the all gold crowns, fancifully worked in button, come into play. A little beauty of gold lace edge has a plaiting falling over, of rose-colored velvet. Then, into the heart of the pink folds, a small jet crown is set. Beneath the gold lace, again, more pink velvet gleams, and in front there stand two black tips.

A tiny calling bonnet of olive velvet is crushed here and there by strings of pearls, and pearl ornaments are rather profuse in front.

pursuit of Geronimo, who had just passed, leaving desolation in his track. One day he came to a beautiful ranch, showing everywhere the ownership and care of people of means. It was entirely deserted. Its occupants had fled, not even taking time to close the doors of the low, roomy dwelling. With one solitary exception there was no appearance of life.

Chained to a post were a couple of magnificent greyhounds puppies of purest breed. The little creatures lay side by side upon the ground, nearly famished from hunger and thirst, almost too weak to give greeting to what they knew to be the coming of friends and help. The captain hastily dismounted and went to them, his men crowding around, eager as himself, to help. Water was given them and food from his own rations, but when they had eaten, the question was what should be done with them? It was impossible to take them along in so hasty a march. They were too young to hunt for food, and if turned loose would become the prey of wolves and coyotes. In the enclosure where they were they were protected; about twelve feet in front of the puppies ran a ditch, through which water was flowing, a sight of which had only served to tantalize them, fastened just out of reach of its cooling draught. Across the ditch plainly in view, lay the heads of several slaughtered cattle. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 30c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

It is excellence due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectively cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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fully are they cleaned and restored, and for all practical purposes they are just as good as they were strictly fresh. I know a swell club in a busy city in the interior which is noted for its unlimited supply of first-class playing cards. Outsiders marvel at its extravagance in providing what seems to be a brand-new pack of cards for every game of whist, pedro, euchre or poker that starts in its card rooms. As a matter of fact the cards all come from the second-hand dealer in New York and cost about six or eight cents a pack in large sets. It enables that club, as it doubtless enables others, to make a great deal of show for a very little money.

**ARRESTED FOR WHISTLING.**  
Treasurable Tunes Are Not Allowed in Germany.

Americans have little conception of what may constitute a treasonable offense in some of the countries of the old world which are still despotic and extremely military. There recently occurred at Barr, in Alsace, a trial which must have been very amusing to an American who might have witnessed it if a man's liberty had not been in jeopardy.

One day not long ago, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, in the streets of Barr, a laborer, who was engaged in loading a wagon, whistled cheerfully at his work. As he was thus engaged a gendarme, or military policeman, came within hearing. The workman, apparently preoccupied, kept on with his whistling.

"I arrest you," said the gendarme, coming up and putting his hand on the workman's shoulder.

"What for?" asked the man, astonished.

"For sedition whistling. You have been whistling the 'Marseillaise.'

The 'Marseillaise' being the French national air, and a revolutionary air besides, is forbidden in German Alsace.

But the workman exclaimed: "Oh, no, you are mistaken! It isn't the 'Marseillaise' at all that I am whistling, but the 'March of the Brunswick Hussars.' I used to belong to the Brunswick Hussars, and that was our regimental tune."

The gendarme, who was a German, and thought he knew one tune from another, took the workman under arrest, and in due time he was brought into court charged with disloyalty in whistling a seditious air in the public place.

Both the gendarme and the accused told their stories very confidently, and, as the workman was reputed an honest and loyal man, the court was very much perplexed between the two men and the two tunes.

In this predicament the court adjourned to the council-room adjoining, and, calling in the accused and the accuser in turn, made the workman whistle the "March of the Brunswick Hussars," and the gendarme the "Marseillaise."

Each did his best; but the tunes proved in the ear of the court to be so much unlike that it was regarded as improbable that the gendarme could have been mistaken.

The accused was therefore sent to prison; but his general bearing, and, above all, his excellent whistling, had affected the court so favorably that he was sentenced to only three days' imprisonment.

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A theater opening night showed a pretty head looking eagerly forth from the lower box. Its owner was fresh and original. Nothing save that flowers were not in vogue for the velvet edge she had thrown in great profusion a quantity of lilles of the valley, in velvet, touched here and there with a speck of rose colored velvet. The two velvet roses in front deepen the pink effect. A little tuft of black velvet was carried up at the back.

But the little bouquet was what drew attention to the cape. A side trim of silver, curving outward, had been made to stand up each side of the face, and in front the shape was bent into a sharp point, high above which rose a full feathered ornament, which held only the tip of a gray wing that reared itself above every other hat in the house. At the back there were some gray choux and a bit of silver lace.

## GREEN FELT AND GOLD LACE.

An evening bonnet whose open crown is a broad band of gold, set with heavy stones of diverse colors, has a big velvet bow, in lavender, designed to poise just above the curls.

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EVA A. SCHUBERT.

## A KIND-HEARTED CAPTAIN.

While Pursuing Geronimo He Believes Two Distressed Dogs.

Geronimo, the once powerful and cruel Indian chieftain of the west, is now a quiet and peaceful prisoner at Mount Vernon barracks, an army post upon the Alabama river, a short distance above Mobile, says Kate Field's Washington.

During what was known as the Geronimo campaign settlers residing upon isolated ranches in Arizona and New Mexico lived in constant terror of his raids. When one was reported or feared, those on the line of the expected raid fled precipitately to the nearest point of safety—usually an army post if it could be reached—there to remain until the danger was over, and then, probably, to return and find buildings burned, all live things killed or carried away, and property of every description wantonly destroyed. In the year 1885 an officer was sent out with a body of troops

to subdue him, and this was done.

The officer, who conducts a regular business, sorts them, cleans them as well as he can, replaces missing cards from great stacks of odd cards kept for that purpose, puts them into the original wrappings, which have been saved for him, and then resells them. His customers are mostly second and third rate social clubs or non-gambling circles in smaller cities and retailers who can be persuaded by low prices to purchase in large quantities. Nine packs out of ten of these cards will pass nowhere as strictly new ones or car-

ried into small piles, and ending at the back in a single scallop.

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Another little hat has a brown felt crown, rimmed with rich green velvet. A big green velvet sheath bands it around like a sentinel; and over the brown crown some tiny tucks are arranged.

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